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Oxford Verses

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OXFORD VERSES

Oxford Verses

EDITED BY

ROSSLYN BRUCE

WORCESTER COLLEGE

Oxford

B. H. BLACKWELL, 50 & 51, BROAD STREET

London

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO,

—

1894



DEDICATED
TO
MRS. C. H. O. DANIEL.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THE Editor is pleasantly conscious that the labour of collecting "Oxford Verses" has not been wasted: for, should they fail in their endeavour to justify their own existence in this form, they at least stand as a monument of the generous courtesy of literary people in general and of publishers in particular. He is indebted to Messrs. Alden and Co., for permission to re-print from "In College Groves" and "Common Room Carols": to Messrs. Elkin Matthews and John Lane, for extracts from "Poems, by Laurence Binyon": to Messrs. Remington and Co., for the use of "Poems and Sonnets, by Lord Rosslyn": and to the "Pall Mall Gazette,"

and "The Oxford Magazine," for verses from their columns. He is anxious to acknowledge his ample appreciation of the concession of very real and substantial claims, which are by no means merely formal prerogatives.

WORCESTER COLLEGE,

Nov., 1894.

LA BONNE BLAGUE.

To say evil or frivolity of poetry in these days were a thing out of date and superfluous. For the position of the poet ^{of the present.} has been most clearly affirmed in many ways; so that what was but lately a disgust to the Philistine and a scoffing to the Positivist is by them now much sought after and sometimes understood. In the guileless seventies it was not so; howbeit that were a time of self-labelled enlightenment, yet was it one that smacked as strangely of the prosaic and the middle-aged as any we wot of. The bald head, the spectacles, the *sermo pedestris*, was most grievously with us.

Such days were virtuous with a Stoicism and a lack of frivolity that was painful and irksome. Not unto us of these days be the glory, but we have reached unto a freedom that is but promise of a larger hope. At this present we are rejoicing in an age of youth ; theology and sociology are on the upper shelf and the dust thereof. Youth has revindicated its fit place and from seekings after truth we turn to seekings after beauty ; and Poetry is, where Science has been. This for excuse, if excuse were needed.

Oxford can claim learning with a title that is but shaky and does not endure criticism.

Its scholarship is an offence to
Of the Readers. the German, its Law a stumbling-block to the Inns of Court. It must plead guilty to much want of vitality, nay even to fossildom in high places. And the simple reformer is fain to observe—Cut it down,

why cumbereth it the ground? And we seek eagerly for reasons why this home wrongly styled of learning should still exist. To our own day which has seen youth brought once more into its right and fitting place, small explanation need be laboured forth. So as you have poetry, the true complement of youth, all should be well. The Modern Folk by their eagerness for verse—going beyond Lending Libraries and reaching even to Cash Purchases—have graciously granted to the poet a right to live—they have even asked for *more*. Here, if you will, are some who would answer to this request. So much for the audience; if it may please and delight you then—*Vos plaudite.*

And of the Critic; let us not hear
Of the Critic. the weary, stale, unprofitable answer—‘Here be good store of undergraduate verse; considering, why ’twill do.’ This is

neither criticism nor common sense. This is a book, judge it by the standards—such as they be—whereby other books stand or fall at your hands. Apply to this nor pity nor patronage nor effrontery. Put it not in a small place by itself as an it were a strange beast, an exotic flower. For the rest what can we say but the hope that you, not less than they who read, may find therein the wherewithal for interest, for delight.

P. J. MACDONELL.

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TO THE MOCKER.

DO you hate the erotic lack-a-daisical rose-watery decadence of an opiated sonnet? Here you have excellent honest straight-forward fooling! Or, do you despise the hopelessly bourgeois and Norfolk-jackety Philistinism of an average person? Here you have a charming reverie of deep but tender passion! "Inconsistency has a charm all its own in its surprising possibilities;" and "a mirror of the modern muse a mingled medley means."

R. B.

POETIC IMMORTALITY.

THERE is no limit to the glorious strife
 Of human intellect that men call Life.
 Some wither in their youth ; some in their prime
 Yield to the chances, not the lapse, of time.
 Some in old age, like stately trees, prepare
 With dauntless heart the common fate to share.
 Yet all alike, for they who fall in youth
 But teach mankind this everlasting truth,
 That poets never die, but live sublime
 In the sweet measure of their deathless rhyme.

LORD ROSSLYN.

TO A MINIMUS POET.

AND thou knowest too what it is to feel
 With a poet's pulse what thou canst not reveal ;
 Thoughts and fancies that float thee by,
 Pause for a moment, then onward fly
 Out of thy grasp, tho' within thy reach
 Clear to thy mind, but not to thy speech.
 Oh ! is there aught in the world so hard
 As to have but the heart not the tongue of a bard ?

RET RAILL.

"Ye who expect that age will perform the promises
of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day
will be supplied by the morrow, attend!"—

RASSELAS.

OXFORD VERSES.

AN APRIL DAY.

BREEZES strongly rushing, when the North-West stirs,
Prophesying Summer to the shaken firs ;
Blowing brows of forest, where soft airs are free,
Crowned with heavenly glimpses of the shining
sea ;
Buds and breaking blossoms, that sunny April
yields ;
Ferns and fairy grasses, the children of the
fields ;
In the fragrant hedges' hollow brambled gloom
Pure primroses paling into perfect bloom ;
Round the elm's rough stature, climbing dark
and high,
Ivy-fringes trembling against a golden sky ;
Woods and windy ridges darkening in the glow ;
The rosy sunset bathing all the vale below ;

B

[Violet

Violet banks forsaken in the fading light ;
Starry sadness filling the quiet eyes of night ;
Dew on all things drooping for the summer rains ;
Dewy daisies folding in the lonely lanes.

LAURENCE BINYON.

“O WORLD, BE NOBLER, FOR
HER SAKE.”

O WORLD, be nobler, for her sake !
If she but knew thee, what thou art,
What wrongs are borne, what deeds are done
In thee, beneath thy daily sun,
Know'st thou not that her tender heart,
For pain and very shame, would break ?
O World, be nobler, for her sake !

LAURENCE BINYON.

“GO NOW, LOVE.”

G O now, Love,
Since staying's joy no longer !
Leave me to prove
If Time can make me stronger ;
Nay, look not over thy shoulder so,
Pleading so sweetly to remain,
Where thou workest so much pain :
Look not behind thee, haste and go !

Ah, how should I
Deal to thee such hard measure,
As force thee fly,
Who brought'st me heavenly pleasure ?
Take pity, Love, and be kind
To him that could not refuse thee !
Is it not grief enough to lose thee ?
Haste, O haste, nor look behind !

LAURENCE BINYON.

LOYALTY.

LADY, for thy word I thank thee, thou hast
spoke me passing fair,
Heaven grant me to walk worthy of a love I may
not share !
For I know full many a gallant would have held
it half divine
To have won from such as thou art such a love
as this of thine !

But beyond the shadowy mountains, and beyond
the echoing sea,
Stands my own dear country fairer far than this
fair Italy,
Stands my home amid the meadows where the
lazy cattle lie,
And the oaks are round about, and the river runs
thereby.

[There

There from out the green old garden smiles a
daughter of our race,
Through the ivory gates of slumber nightly look
I on her face,
Framed in light brown English tresses, jewell'd
with soft gray English eyes,
Windows of a noble spirit, mirrors of our northern
skies.

Even so it was I left her in the opening world of
spring,
Riding blithely through the river, riding north-
wards to the King ;
And, though earth and sea divide us, still there
is a heaven above,
Still my hand is for my master, and my heart is
for my love.

FRANK TAYLOR.

AT THE FLEECE.

HERE'S your health in purple wine,
 Drink me mine that I may see
Brighter still those bright eyes shine,
Rosy cheeks and laughter free ;
Here's long life and rich increase,
Sweet mine hostess of the Fleece !

Old Anacreon was not blind,
Horace knew a thing or two,
Tell me, where could either find
Maid or matron such as you ?
Not in Italy, or Greece,
Sweet mine hostess of the Fleece !

Though I drive through all the town,
Drive through all the laughing shire,
Drive through England up and down
Till my panting greys expire,
Till the sun himself shall cease,
Sweet mine hostess of the Fleece ;

[Ne'er

Ne'er from such a mouth of charms
Shall I steal one fleeting taste,
Ne'er shall fling ambitious arms
Round so delicate a waist.
Vive ma belle imperatrice,
Sweet mine hostess of the Fleece !

FRANK TAYLOR.

(From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.)

OXFORD VERSES.

TO MIDIA.

IN that dear country which men call
With sober phrase "your pretty face,"
There is no spring, there is no fall,
And biting winter finds no place;
One light, one warmth, one tender air,
One endless summer harbours there.

In that dear country side by side
There be two placid lakes that sleep;
'Twere worth a kingdom to divide
Each gray, unfathomable deep,
And, daring all things, to possess
The secrets of your soul's recess.

In other lands, 'tis passing sweet
To watch the whispering western wind
Go ruffling all the whitened wheat,
Nor leave the tiniest track behind;
To see the wanton wavelets rear
Their crests along the glassy mere.

So does the zephyr of your smile
Lead on its fairy-footed dance
From end to end of that dear isle,
And dimples all the fair expanse ;
And stops its course, and floats and flies
In ripples o'er your laughing eyes.

FRANK TAYLOR.

(From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.)

“THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA
IN SHIPS.”

WHEN the dawning day was o'er us,
And the world was all before us,
We were little children playing by the sea,
Who pause with wistful wonder
To listen to the thunder
Of the sullen surge that beats upon the lea.

We were happy, little knowing
What the fitful spray was blowing
From the windy waste of waters free and far :
We were happy, little dreaming
What the seagull lone was screaming
Of the sunken wrecks that lie beyond the bar.

But we broke the ties that bound us,
For the summons came and found us,
And when it came, we could not choose but hear.
Shelving sand and slopes of heather,
Quiet harbour and fair weather,
We left them for the waters wild and drear.

In unfathomed depth of waters,
We have seen the ocean daughters,
We have watched them as they combed their
golden hair.
We have heard their wanton singing,
From off the islands ringing,
Where they lure men on to danger and despair.

We have little left to cheer us,
Faith is wider—so less near us :
Love is dead for those are dead we held most
dear.
But we struggle undefeated
Till the journey be completed,
For hope is ours who hope the end is near.

JOHN PEN.

“ MINE ERROR REMAINETH.”

DO I remember?
Can I forget
All that you were to me,
All you are yet?

If the past is forgotten,
The present is here,
You are the same to me,
Only more dear.

Yet scorning to be with you,
Living a lie,
I go from your presence,
To go is to die.

Beauty of innocence,
Glory of truth,
Splendour of manhood,
Glamour of youth.

[Of

OXFORD VERSES.

Of these we have little left,
Little to mar,
Would God we were anything
But what we are !

We have boasted our madness
And vaunted our shame,
Made honour a plaything
And God—scarce a name.

You hear not the discords
That sound in the song,
You see but the deed done
And know not the wrong.

You in your innocence,
Safely can stay,
We in our guiltiness
Hurry away.

Yet sometimes, O heart of hearts,
When the mists rise,
And the gold of the sunset
First pales and then dies,

When the silence lies brooding
O'er what was the day,

And its noise and its tumult
Seem far far away,

Think of me sometimes
As striving to be
True to my better self,
Worthy of me.

JOHN PEN.

APOLOGY FOR THE VILLANELLE.

A N echo soft, a tender spell,
A mystic cadence, hushed yet clear,
Are found within the Villanelle.

Its notes are like the Vesper Bell
Bringing through twilight grave and sere
An echo soft, a tender spell.

The busy murmurs of the shell,
In turbulent repose a bier,
Are found within the Villanelle.

It is as if, in dusky dell
Of the great world alone, we hear
An echo soft, a tender spell;

The maddening haste, the rough pell-mell,
Are far away—peace, rest, are near,
Are found within the Villanelle,

Let others make their task to tell
The sterner accents to them dear ;
An echo soft, a tender spell,
Are found within the Villanelle.

ARTHUR RENWICK.

FAIRYLAND.

FAIRYLAND, thou hast not left us
Though the world be old and dim,
Though time's swift flight have bereft us
Of the shapes we loved to limn.

Still there comes a pensive roaming
In the page of fables wild
When we sit amidst the gloaming,
Hear the prattle of a child.

Not yet is all sweetness faded
From the dusty, weary road ;
Little fingers wake the jaded
Better than the cruel goad.

For them lay we down the planning,
Lay aside our toil to night,
Plunge once more, to our unmanning,
In their vistas of delight.

Giants stern and mystic mages
Live once more at their request,
And the theories of sages
Are forgot in love's behest.

Little matter though the story
Is by telling oft outworn—
We must speak its wonders hoary
As they ever have been borne.

Goblins quaint and tiny heroes
Trip across the wonted stage,
Or in magic spell of Crusoe's
Long adventures we engage.

Little children, in your weakness
Ye have taken, yet know it not,
From about our path the bleakness
Of the desert God forgot.

ARTHUR RENWICK.

ACROSS LONG MILES.

REMEMBER me when evening bringeth rest ;
Or with thy day's dawn when the thought
is clear,
For some brief moments let it hover near
An absent friend, in such regarding blest.
Remember me, and even at my best ;
Not as of yore while passing hours were sere
But in the guise affection holds most dear
Picture thou him who put thee to the test.

Remember thee ! O would the sick control
Of time and distance give sad-hearted slaves
Sweet spacious liberty the spirit craves !
Remember thee ? Ay, till the golden bowl
Break for this longing, and on twilight waves
We float to silent music, soul with soul.

ARTHUR RENWICK.

“ DO BUT LOVE ME.”

DO but love me—
Though I would die ere show
How my whole heart breaks out to thee
In utter, passionate glow,
Do but love me.

Do but love me.
The years are passing swiftly by ;
To lingering, plaintive melody,
I chant this one incessant cry—
Do but love me.

Do but love me.
While life and health pulse high within,
And all goes well and cheerily,
Fond friendship is no mortal sin ;
Do but love me.

ARTHUR RENWICK.

ENVOY TO "SURSUM DEORSUM."

LO, I am no more passionate or glad
Or filled with sorrow; but a calm content
Laps me about—solace autumnal, sent
To soothe and banish everything that had
Been otherwise a spur whose fret forbad
Dreamy oblivion—peaceful wonderment
Troubles so great, and yet so little, blent
Within the tangled colours of life's plaid.
The sun is ebbing, watery and wan—
The evening rising, gusty and pitch-dark,—
The sea and land are cold, hoar-frosted light;
Now must I rouse and haste me to be gone,
Loosen the moorings of this tiny bark,
Bid you farewell, set out to meet the night.

ARTHUR RENWICK

A QUESTION OF CRITICISM.

(Dedicated to the *Edinburgh Review*, The Minor Poet, and Mr. Andrew Lang.)

WHEN the splendid fulminations of an
undiscover'd sage
In an admirable rage
To illuminate the page
Of a sober periodical foregather'd to engage:
When his pantomimic thunder
Upon poets' heads was spent:
Was it most a thing of wonder
Or a matter of lament?

Like the snapping of a cracker when his
inuendoes sprang
On the tender-hearted gang
With an unexpected bang,
And disturbed the nervous system of delightful
Mr. Lang:
Was there any mortal failing
Out of kindness to reflect
That the poets are an ailing
And a persecuted sect?

[If

If philosophers arrange an Inquisition of the
Schools

Where their nicely temper'd tools

Are administer'd by rules

Made expressly for themselves and only dangerous
to fools:

And if then our keenest fencer

In his manner cold but kind

Tortures Mr. Herbert Spencer

For his treatment of the Mind :

Is there any living mortal with a particle of sense

Who'd be urging in defence

That the subject is immense,

And that logic should be shallow, since the human
brain is dense ?

Would not rather such a creature

Take a possible delight

In the scene's most likely feature

Of the tortured showing fight ?

But the poet must be treated in a very different
way :

He is not of common clay !

Far apart from any fray

Let him weave the sentimental and the imitative
lay !

Yet one makes interrogation :
 Need a critic talk so big
For the simple delectation
 Of the literary prig ?

H. A. MORRAH.

(From *In College Groves.*)

A WELCOME TO OXFORD.

(Commem., 1893.)

ONCE more beneath battlements olden,
Once more beneath skies that are blue,
Where fairies weave tapestries golden
And carpets of emerald hue :
Where Youth is companion'd by Laughter,
Where Life is unburden'd of Care,
And tender love-echoes come after
The words of the fair ;

There comes to our mirth and its measure
No thought of the hours and their flight,
No method determines our pleasure,
We reckon no rules of delight :
The sun in the sky is above us,
His rays in our river lie clear,
So come, and make glad, if you love us,
The heart of the year !

O welcome ! our fairies a table
Shall spread you at twilight and dawn,
Where the summer spreads amber and sable
In sunshine and shade on the lawn :
O welcome, to walk unreprovèd
Where life knows no fetter nor chain,
O welcome, thrice welcome, belovèd,
And welcome again !

H. A. MORRAH.

(From *In College Groves.*)

LOVE SONGS.

I.

I SHEW'D you love's crown of gold
Fair-wrought—but you would not wear it,
Love's sceptre your hands might hold
And rule—but you would not bear it,
Love's prize of delight untold
But you would not share it.

Love's crown by the wayside lies,
Love's sceptre of gold is broken,
Love's heart in the darkness cries
For a word or a look or token,
For the light unborn in your eyes,
And the word unspoken.

GABRIEL GILLETT.

II.

YEARS and years I have loved you
And dar'd not speak my love,
Your face was a light to lead my feet
To the crown of the Heav'ns above ;
(Lean closer, kiss me again, again,
For *this* is the Heav'n of love).

Years and years I have waited
And gazed at your face afar,
Set in the dim wide night of my soul
A tremulous silver star.
(Lean closer, love is diviner now
That the way to his shrine was far).

Years and years I have fear'd the shame
And the cruel speech of the world,
But over our heads in the darkness now
Is the banner of love unfurl'd,
(Lean closer, cling to me, kiss my lips,
Our love can despise the world.)

GABRIEL GILLETT,

III.

O NLY one short week and I meet you
Out on the hills that we love so well,
Hear your footstep and turn to greet you,
Tell you all that I long to tell.

Out on the hills in the windy weather,
Keen with the breath of the breezy sea,
Sweet with the breath of the scented heather
I see you waiting alone for me.

Your sunburnt face in the clear air bright'ning
Your lithe white limbs and your trusting hand,
The flash of your eyes like summer lightning
Call me out of the southern land.

I dream of the days we shall roam and wander
When the sun rides high in the Heav'n above,
Or lie, looking over the cliffs, and ponder
The deep, sweet secrets of life and love.

Or the fall of day, with its tired hours dreaming,
When love remembers but shame forgets,
Faint and gray, though the west be gleaming
With a ling'ring glow of the sun that sets.

Or, best of all, when the world lies sleeping,
Your arms twin'd round me, your lips to mine,
Love shields us both with his pinions steeping
Our souls in music and fire and wine.

*
*
*
*

Only one short week and I meet you,
(Days run swift to a goal like this !)
Hear your footstep and turn to greet you,
With glance and tremour and word and kiss.

GABRIEL GILLETT.

IV.

THRO' the gathering dusk and thro'
Weary distance dim and blue
How my heart goes out to you :

If I came and took your hand
In the shadow-haunted land
Would you turn and understand ?

If I came with lips aflame
Would you rise and speak my name,
Rise and linger, if I came ?

If I came and dar'd to lay
Life and love before you,—say,
Would you cast the gift away ?

GABRIEL GILLETT.

AFTER PETRARCH.

L AURA, thou fairest laurel of my crown,
Thou leaflet ever green to my fond heart,
Not Death himself can force us twain apart
Or daunt our spirits with his withering frown ;
If thou, pure Seraph, on bright wings hast flown
To God's own Heaven, *my* Laura still thou art,
And thou to angels canst new grace impart,
Not they to thee ; and thou art all mine own.
I follow swiftly ; but I live in thee :
And thou in me eternally shalt live.
We heed not the sharp spasm miscalled Death,
Genius and love make Immortality,
And thou and I to each can either give,
And blend our names in one undying wreath.

LORD ROSSLYN.

THE LILY AND THE STREAM.

A LILY was set by the side of a stream,
 And the golden sun watched with love
 from on high,
But it raised not its head, and it drank not the
 beam,
For it kissed the waters, and dreamed its dream,
 And the stream flowed by.

O lily that kissed with the lips of love,
 Are the waters more fair than the light in
 the sky ;
Lift thy passionate look to the passion above,
 For thy blossom is bright as the breast of a dove,
 And the stream flows by.

At evening the lily lay fallen and low,
 For it died at the touch of the stream with a
 sigh.
And the waters were gold with the sun's tender
 glow,
As he laid a last kiss on the petals of snow,
 But the stream flowed by.

O broken lily, so loved by me,
 My sweet broken lily content to die
In the arms of the waters that laughed at thee,
There is sorrow and silence on cloud and on tree,
 But the stream flows by.

JOHN BURLAND.

AUTUMN.

WAIL of the wind in the dripping trees,
Rustle of leaves that are dead in the blast,
Sobbing song of the autumn breeze,
Music of all that is passing and past.

Fallen gold of the leaf of the tree,
Clouded gold in the rift in the sky,
Gold of the trust that I had for thee,
Gold that was sweetest and soonest to die.

Land of the poppies and land of the corn,
The corn for life, and the poppies for sleep,
Life for thy spirit, too careless to mourn,
Sleep for my sorrow, too weary to weep.

JOHN BURLAND.

TO A SPHINX.

MORE silent than the sleeping summer woods,

More lovely than the light on summer sea.

And yet in all thy sweetest darkest moods,

Inscrutable as Heaven itself to me,

Enshrouded in thy robe of mystery :

Thou angel-soul, beloved as angels are,

Unknown and dearer since we may not see

But only worship them ; thou voiceless star,

In glorious silence set, too fair to be so far.

So quiet is the grandeur of thy face,

So passionless the splendour of thine eyes,

That none may read them, or may dare to trace

The golden soul that in their darkness lies

As light behind the grey and clouded skies ;

So lonely that the lonely ones in sleep,

Whose souls are borne from all realities,

Are not so far away as thou, nor steep

The whisperings of life in so profound a deep.

[There

There are no longings in the marble breast,
To rend the veil upon thee, or to break
The solitary stillness of thy rest ;
For thee are not the passions that awake
The storm of waters sleeping in the lake
Of thy deep eyes ; for thee no tearful gleam
Of passionate unrest, since thou dost make
Thine own fair world, and sorrows only seem
The shadows floating past in thine eternal dream.

JOHN BURLAND.

REFLEXION.

THE day was languid, and I laid
My head upon the sleeping earth,
And by me half-forgotten played
A little child: she mocked in mirth
My langour, then, for very dearth
Of aught to do, she turned to weaving
Bright daisies in a long green girth,
That, when I rose with thought of leaving,
She might imprison me, her present grief
retrieving.

A garland twisted with such care
Some Roman feaster well might bind
Above his brow, about his hair:
Yet as I rose, all disentwined
In separate parts it fell behind,
Like fruit in Autumn sunshine mellow.
I saw a little shroud entwined
With blood-red tips each heart of yellow
And then it slowly died, hard by a dying fellow.

[Remembrance

Remembrance of this daisy chain
Awakes in me, I know not why,
Old dreams which rise and rise again,
As some sad haunting melody
Rings in the ear and will not die.
Now, I could tell each passing pleasure
Which ever gladdened me, and pry
Beneath the grave of Life to measure
The emptied bliss of days now stored in Memory's
treasure.

But they have fled and left me void,
And now perforce in vacancy
I linger, not to be decoyed
From thoughts of self by poetry
Or art or music: heavily
Upon mine eyes the eyelids lower.
Life has its deeper cadency,
Things outward needs must lose their power
To hold with magic art the spirit in such hour.

Perhaps indeed 'tis better so,
Better that after some excess,
Be it of laughter or of woe,
Should come a time of weariness,
When the tired soul may seek redress

From others' mirth, and others' weeping,
And by itself, itself confess,
Too sad to think of backward keeping
Aught it would often hide, too wrong to be
sleeping.

Then with a fearless strength it tears
The drapery of life aside,
And gazes into what it bares
With jealous eyes, as on his bride
A lover looks, nay ! we are tried
Before a sterner inquisition,
No mist of love our faults can hide,
Piercing with cold impartial vision
Each unexpressed excuse, we do pronounce
decision.

Yet strength and wisdom may be born,
When by the spirit's penance wrought
We live, as anchorites, forlorn :
No light emotion stains the thought :
Seems Nature's sympathy as naught,
Sweet human love a bond how slender !
We banish these things, and are brought
Thro' dreams ecstatic to surrender
Ourselves to lofty moods and the soul's lonely
splendour.

Tis blessèd in this purity
Of penitential thought to sit
Alone, tho' long it may not be :
E'en now my over-venturous wit
Has filled the air with forms which flit
About me : poorly ye dissemble,
Who would those pure eternals knit
With outward shapes ! 'tis gone : I tremble,
I turn, I fly the forms my waking dreams
assemble.

J. W. CROWFOOT.

RONDEAU.

PHYLLIS is fair above all praise !
Magicians of the golden days,
When Muses poured their favours down,
Alone could give her due renown :—
We cannot weave her wreath of bays.

Ah ! could we master cunning phrase,
And tune our voice to courtly lays,
To sing that, if she smile or frown,
Phyllis is fair !
Her grace has power our lives to raise,
No art her worthiness portrays ;
How can we hymn those eyes of brown,
The head that merits Love's own crown ?
We can but murmur, as we gaze,
Phyllis is fair !

M. C. C. SETON.

BALLADE OF CERTAIN LECTURES.

WE rest close-pent like wayward sheep
That long to breathe the outer air,
Sinking in scant, uneasy sleep,
Or wakeful 'neath the gaslight's flare ;
We scribble notes in bored despair,
Or listen with a dazed ennui,
Save when we lift our eyes, and dare
To worship sweet Hermione.

On leaden feet the moments creep
While at the clock we sadly stare ;
We hear, unmoved, of thinkers deep—
For thinkers deep no whit we care !
We hear unmoved how Germans snare
The guileless soul with subtlety ;
For us one thing alone seems fair—
To worship sweet Hermione.

'Tis vain our minds in thought to steep,
And prune our hearts of fancies bare :
Fancies will still their bounds outleap,
Though Prudence ever cries " Beware ! "

Romance, light-hearted, debonair,
Scorns all severe philosophy ;
And so our souls will still prepare
To worship sweet Hermione.

L'ENVOI.

Lecturer ! to whose halls we fare
Not all to hearken unto thee ;
Desert thy Professorial chair
And worship sweet Hermione !

M. C. C. SETON.

A MA BELLE DAME.

THE birdis sing in fair green covers
Whereby is many a pleasaunte shade,
And I sing in this month of lovers :
Bon jour, belle dame, et Dieu vous ayde.

For sunny smiles and dainty greetings
Whereof my heart was half afraid,
For sweet stray words of our stray meetings :
Merci, belle dame, et Dieu vous ayde.

My byegone Avrils and Decembers
So sweet your flowēr face has made
With living thoughts that love remembers :
Adieu, belle dame, et Dieu vous ayde.

R. L. GALES.

SOLACE: A DUOLOGUE.

YOU, who abuse
All men alive,
Kindness refuse,
Will the world shrive ?
Wisdom you make her shun,
Angry, you see her run :
Softly the prize is won.

Delightful veneer !
The world's grown gray,
Teaching how to sneer,
How to look away,
Witty, if there's venom in it :
Kindly, if you well can din it :
Gently, you will never win it.

Yet we'll give the world no moan,
Not decry it, but deny it,

[Seek

Seek no monument in stone,
Simply live in peace and quiet :
You and I alone together,
Seeking sunshine on the heather,
Caring nought for why or whether.

G. P. PEACHEY.

VESPER TIDE.

THE dying light of the dying sun
Streams through the windows old,
And, like to a web of jewels spun,
Scatters its purple and gold
As upon sculptured shrines it falls,
And the oaken carvings of ancient stalls.

And far away through the arches dim
A sad sweet melody,
Like the wind as it wails its evening hymn
Over the rustling sea
Rises now like a bird on the wing,
Now sinks to an amorous murinuring.

Thy slim white fingers are laid in mine,
And the light of thy sweet grey eyes
Beams with the radiance of love divine,
Of the love that never dies,
But shall ever live between me and thee,
In the strength of its exquisite purity.

LENNOX MORISON.

A LITTLE NOVEL.

(IN FOUR LITTLE CHAPTERS.)

Chap. I.

A LITTLE nook in garden shady ;
A little squeeze of finger-tips ;
A little question to a lady ;
A little "yes" from rosy lips.

Chap. II.

A little flirting with another ;
A little shadow on the blind ;
A little tiff, a little bother ;
A little bit of beauty's mind.

Chap. III.

A little coolness in the greeting ;
A little rift within the lute ;
A little hour of wild entreating ;
A little lady proudly mute.

Chap. IV.

A little note of sad upbraiding ;
A little poison in a glass ;—
A little willow-tree o'ershading
A little tomb-stone in the grass.

M. T. PIGOTT.

(From *Common Room Carols*.)

A BALLAD OF PHILISTINISM.

I MARKED not that the air was green
Nor that my Fate was violet,
I failed to note the amber sheen
That bathed the purple parapet.
The fact I very much regret;
The times, I fear, I'm far behind :
I simply noticed it was wet—
Forgive me ! I am colour-blind.

The saffron that suffused the scene,
The bistre that my path beset,
The pale-mauve movements of the Dean,
I somehow managed to forget.
My life, maybe, was drab—and yet
Such thoughts occurred not to my mind ;
I simply smoked a cigarette—
Forgive me ! I am colour-blind.

Tawny to-days perchance have been,
To-morrows may be tinged with jet,
Whilst yellow yesterdays may mean
Magenta morrows to be met.
The olive Fates may spread a net
Before me, gore-incarnadined ;
But still I smoke and drink and bet—
Forgive me ! I am colour-blind.

L'ENVOI.

Chromatic penmen, do not fret
That I am crude and unrefined :
Wield *ye* the tinted epithet,
Forgive *me* ! I am colour-blind.

M. T. PIGOTT.

(From *Common Room Carols.*)

A LETTER.

MY darling Kate,—
I write in fear,
And frightful trepidation,
To say that I'm sent down from here
For insubordination.

I'm down for good. My heart is sore
And well-nigh broke. How dare I
Inform your people I'm no more
In statu pupillari?

When but a gulph in Mods I got,
With horror it transfix'd us ;
'Twas but a chance that there was not
A great gulf then betwixt us.

The cause my tutor did relate,—
The brute!—to your relations :
“ His pace he would not moderate
Before his Moderations.”

But I was pardoned, for I wore
An air of deep contrition ;
And I, ingrate ! in Greats I swore
To take a high position.

So dearest, let me know my fate ;
Say not thy love's abated.
Oh ! do not cut up rusty, Kate,
Because I'm rusticated.

M. T. PIGOTT.

(From *Common Room Carols.*)

A TRAGEDY.

THE city seemed asleep that time,
The cold December month crept in.
And whitened with its snow and rime,
The hardened ground, and yet within
Our hearts there glowed a radiant flame
Of Spring-like warmth though Winter came.

We loved, and all around seemed gay
To our enchanted gaze, though cold
And keen the chilling winds would play
With Autumn's leaves, so dead, so old.
For us the air with song was filled,
Though song and song-bird now were stilled.

Through the long nights we two would sit
To tell our love, the well-worn tale,
Watching the fickle shadows flit
O'er warm red walls and ceiling pale,
Your hand within my hand was prest,
Your head lay flower-like on my breast.

And yet you say I never knew
Or cared to know your inmost soul,
I never looked you through and through
Or all your secret fancies stole ;
I knew your lips, your eyes, your hair,
But not the shy soul lurking there.

So you drift from me, O my sweet !
Still colder grows your glance each day,
Love flies as on his wingèd feet.
I plead, but yet he will not stay.
With tear-dimmed eyes I watch his flight
Till daylight falters into night.

But sometimes with reluctant voice
We whisper the old words again,
Feigning some long hour to rejoice
In pleasures that have turned to pain,
While ghosts of our dead joys arise,
And mock us with their weeping eyes.

STANLEY ADDLESHAW.

AN OLD PICTURE.

IT hangs alone upon the panelled wall,
A faded picture in a faded frame,
No traces are there of the artist's name
For each year as it stole into the hall
Crept o'er the writing with its dusty feet,
And Time upon the pale Madonna's face
A veil has thrown, through which we dimly trace
Eyes of deep blue by sorrow made more sweet.

Perchance in bygone years in Tuscany
Where maize-fields redden to the autumn sun
The painter watched the slanting shadows run
Over the city walls, and learned from him,
The mystic Botticelli, how to limn
A virgin's face ablaze with ecstasy.

STANLEY ADDLESHAW.

LOVE AT HINKSEY.

IN the grey city at our feet
The lights gleam out, and one by one
Each gas-jet makes a mimic sun
Now the real sun has set, and sweet
The air grows with the heavy scent
Each flowering bush of May has lent.
The sky above a clear-cut gem,
And the moon rising from the sea
Trailing her white robes silently,
Has seven stars for a diadem.

When the sun set the breeze too fell,
Fluttering down like a wounded bird,
Now only its dying call is heard
From where wan river waters swell.
Amid tall lilies golden grown
We two in silence stand alone.
Your trembling hand in mine is prest,
I know within your sweet grey eyes
Love lights a torch which never dies
But flares for ever in unrest.

[I know

I know you love me now, and yet
Have I not often felt despair
Lest I should never touch your hair,
Or that our lips had never met ?
I thought that you would never be
More than a simple friend to me.
Have I not known you two long years ?
Have I not striven to make you love ?
I think some angel from above
Has moved you by my aching tears.

You are a perfect poem, sweet,
Sung to an angel's melody
Before the Throne in ecstasy,
Where choir to choir the song repeat
Through all the columned courts of Heaven.
Dear God to you such grace has given,
Has wrought you as a golden flower,
Has made you as a purple star,
Or as a drifting nenuphar,
Or as a wondrous ivory tower.

For in the hush of that young corn
Where only birds and flowers may see,
You shall be all in all to me,
And we will rest there till the morn

Turns emerald-sky to ruby red
And crowns with gold your golden head,
And lends unto your eyes new fire,
And makes your splendid curving mouth
A gorgeous poppy of the South
Culled for a god's desire.

STANLEY ADDLESHAW.

LOVE'S VIGIL.

WHEN in the moonlit night I lie awake
And only the loud clocks send forth a sound
To vex the quiet of the languid air
I think of thee, and my still room around
Is peopled with thine image everywhere.
What is thy charm, that thou the night canst
make
More rich and vivid than the sunlit day
And fill my soul with bright imaginings
Of thy loved presence, while dull sleep takes
wings
And broods in sullen envy far away ?

MORLEY RICHARDS.

A VISION.

METHOUGHT on western hills I strayed,
And, restless, roamed from height to
height ;
The skies a crimson curtain made,
The sinking sun foretold of night.

What power, what god had led me there
I knew not ; this alone I knew,
The sun-enkindled hills were fair,
And very sweet the thought of you.
Before my feet down dropt a lark,
His vibrant evensong was done ;
Like some slow spectre came the dark,
And plunged in far-off waves the sun.

Lo ! on a sudden far away
The gathering clouds dispelled once more,
And, set in glory like the day,
Your face upon their front they bore.

MORLEY RICHARDS.

GLOWING ASHES.

SO she is gone for ever !
That was my last embrace,
Though I used my best endeavour
To gain but a moment's grace.

She is gone, but still there lingers
A feel of her warm soft glow,
That spread o'er my lips and fingers
Only a short while ago.

Ah ! she is gone, she is perished !
Hers was a cruel fate ;
She dreamed not the hand that cherished
Could also exterminate.

For mine was the hand that slew her,
Tho' mine were the lips that kissed,
As on to her death I drew her
Thro' the gloom of the smoky mist.

Just as she died I kissed her,
But the kiss seemed to burn on my lips ;
And there rose a small white blister
On twain of my finger tips.

So I mourn as bound in duty
O'er the empty desolate place
I robbed of my dusky beauty—
The last and the best of her race.

Silent I sit downhearted,
My thoughts are gone wandering far,
They are gone with the dear departed :—
And she was my last cigar.

RET RAILL.

(From *Wild Oats.*)

TO OXFORD: IN AUGUST.

MOTHER, what spirit folds thy streets of eld,
 And weather-chastened walls in such a
 trance
 Of moony silence? No unordered chance
 Moulded those eyes of peace, which long have
 quelled
 Man's savage force, and mind their kingdom held:
 Fair wast thou made to guide the soul's advance
 Up to thy likeness: callow ignorance
 Taught in thy school sees all but truth dispelled.

Oh! storied leaves thy fingers turned for me,
 And reedy whispers by the riverside,
 Where brooding moorhens rest above the
 stream,
 Oh! friendly echoes from a kingdom free,
 How thick ye throng, as palest moonbeams
 glide,
 And bathe Saint Mary's in her proper dream.

W. J. FERRAR.

(From *Fritillaries*.)

SPRING-IDYL.

SPRING is afoot, ye shepherds, in the land !
I saw her late rise from her mossy bed
By yonder stream, where the bare pollards stand ;
Like a lone maid awaked to innocent joy
With kisses from the warm lips of a boy
I saw her raise her disenchanted head.

O tuneful shepherds ! what a thrill hath passed
Through earth's heart, strong with joyous pro-
phecy ;
Dead was that heart, that now reviveth fast :
The longtime dolorous mother from her shrine
Greets the grave footstep of her child divine
Come from the dark bliss of her empery.

Round yon tall elms brabble the brawling rooks,
Busy with nesting and their married cares :

And, leaning o'er the laughter of the brooks,
Burgeon those tasselled shoots, that maidens
shred
Upon Palm Sunday: yea, though earth was
dead,
Spring is afoot, and hitherward she fares.

Spring is afoot; and you her steps may meet,
If half the afternoon you ply up-stream
By budding sallows, where pied plovers greet
The mimic keel that calm as moonlight
speeds
Through the lush borders of the sunny
meads—
There tarries she, and ponders her late dream.

Soon will her gentle mantle all be wove,
The early boon of flowers, and her quire
Pour from each copse the natural chant of love:
Yet greet we her, who comes in lowly dress,
As some disguised Queen, who most will bless
Those that first hailed her in her plain attire.

W. J. FERRAR.
(From *Fritillaries*.)

A DREAM.

In sleep the errant phantasy,
No more by sense imprisoned,
Creates what possibly might be
But actually isn't:
And this my tale is past belief,
Of truth and reason emptied,
'Tis fiction manifest—in brief,
I was asleep, and dreamt it.

I dreamt I met an Oxford man
Whose sage remarks concerning
Such matters as the use of *āv*
Betrayed profoundest learning :
I never knew a student who
Could more at ease converse on
The latest *Classical Review*
Than that superior person.

[He]

He spoke of books—but manly sports
 He deemed but meet for scoffing :
He did not know the Racquet Courts
 And merely glanced at golfing.
Professors ne'er were half so wise
 Nor readers more sedate !
He was—I learnt with some surprise—
 An undergraduate.

Another man I met, whose head
 Was crammed with pastime's annals,
And who—to judge from what he said—
 Must simply live in flannels.
A shallow mind his talk proclaimed,
 And showed of culture no trace :
One book and one alone he named—
 His own—'twas on the Boat-race.

“Of course” you cry “some brainless lad,
 Some scion of ancient Tories,
Bob Acres sent to Oxford *ad*
 Emolliendos mores—
Meant but to drain the festive glass
 And win the athlete's pewter ! ”
There you are wrong : this person was
 That undergraduate's tutor.

'Twas but a dream, I said above,
In concrete truth deficient,
Belonging to the region of
The wholly unconditioned :
Yet, when I see how strange the ways
Of undergrad. and don are,
Methinks it was, in classic phrase,
Not *ὕπαρ* less than *ὑνάρ*.

A. GODLEY.

OCTOBER TERM: AN ASPECT.

'TWAS the season when mist and when mud is
The permanent state of the High,
And Oxford resuming her studies
Finds nought but her lecturers dry :
When the oarsman returns to his oar,
And the slacker returns to be slack,
And the Railways employ an additional boy—
In short, 'twas the end of the Vac.

'Mid leaves that were fading and yellow,
Afar from the turbulent throng,
I heard the complaint of a Fellow
Who had not gone down for the Long :
" Once more I'm confronted," he sang,
" With Philosophy, History, Prose !
Farewell to my lease of retirement and peace,
Of comparative peace and repose !

“ They come from their sojourns in cities,
 Their scalings of pass and of peak,
 To the storm and the stress of committees
 And the study of Latin and Greek :
 While the man is discoursing of schools,
 And the don his adventures relates—
 And they bore me with shop till I’m ready to drop
 With their prating of Mods. and of Greats.

“ Farewell to the gardens I strayed in,
 Dear alleys so peaceful and lone,
 When e’en the Extensionist maiden
 Had studied, and picnicked, and gone :
 Farewell, speculations abstruse,
 Unhampered by dinner or tea,
 In the days when my scout was consistently out,
 And oblivious of meals and of me !

“ Were Fortune benignantly swelling
 My purse with superfluous pelf,
 A College I’d found for my dwelling
 Endowed for one Fellow,—myself :
 No Principals, Wardens, or Deans,
 No scouts to grow idle and fat :
 But a library free unto no one but me,
 A chapel, a cook, and a cat ! ”

[‘Twas

'Twas thus with demeanour dejected
This Fellow I heard to repine,
While he darkly on lectures reflected
And pupils arriving at nine,
And the peace and the tranquil repose,
Which as optimist persons affirm
Are a privilege none may enjoy but the don,
And the special attraction of Term.

A. GODLEY.

IN A COLLEGE GARDEN.

REAT Pan is dead—yet here his spirit lingers,
Some radiance as of old-world grandeur
falls,

Here where the ivy clings with sun-kissed fingers,
Around the moss-mosaic of these walls.

This woodland maze of lawns and flower-beds,
teeming

With love-gifts by the hand of Chloris spread,
Seems some green mead where dark Permessus
gleaming

Mirrors the fairy verdure overhead ;

And Mopsus and Menalcus vie in singing

A plaint for Daphnis dead ; with bubbling sound
The founts of Helicon are ever ringing,

And "Amaryllis" all the groves resound.

[Ah !

Ah! now no Muses teach the shepherds numbers,
Pan's pipe is dumb, Amyntas learns no more;
The gods of Greece are wrapt in timeless slum-
bers—

Blindly we grope on reason's barren shore,

But here, 'mid scents of jessamine and roses,
Come listen to the black-cap's soft sweet strain,
An inner chord of memory it discloses,
And all the dead past wakes to life again.

E. A. C. McCURDY.

(From *Parva Seges.*)

LOVE'S GARLAND.

LO ! a wreath I'll weave for thee,
Hyacinths and eglantine,
Jonquils, musk, and columbine,
Violets drooping tenderly ;

Pollen of the roses white,
Pollen of the roses red,
Shall, in circling thy dear head,
Blush and tremble with delight.

Saffron-tinted daffodils,
Poppy-flowers and heather-bells,
Lilies, Naiads of the dells,
Plucked beside the mossy rills ;

All shall round thy brow be seen,
All shall incense offer up,
Raising each a quivering cup,
Hailing thee as Flora's queen.

Fairer thou than all the flowers,
Fairer than Dione's dove,
Ere I tell thee all my love,
Past will be its honeyed hours.

E. A. C. McCURDY.

(From *Parva Segeſ*.)

A FRAGMENT ON RAPHAEL'S HOLY FAMILY.

LO! When the picture first appeared to men,
They gazed,—and thought,—then mutely
gazed again;
But radiant angels, borne on silvery wing,
Dropped from high heaven, all too glad to sing
Their joyous welcome to the work complete,
Then heavenward sped, their tidings to repeat
Of art's new offering :—how the gentle Muse
Had breathed such fragrance on the glowing
hues,
That dazzling symbols, bathed in splendour
bright,
Figured in floods of faintly mellowed light.
While thus they made the courts of Heaven ring,
Rose, like the sounds that throbbing echoes bring,
A song of praise, less loud, but not less clear,
Telling how art in heaven was held more dear,
Bidding sweet Raphael mid the saints appear.

ROSSLYN BRUCE.

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